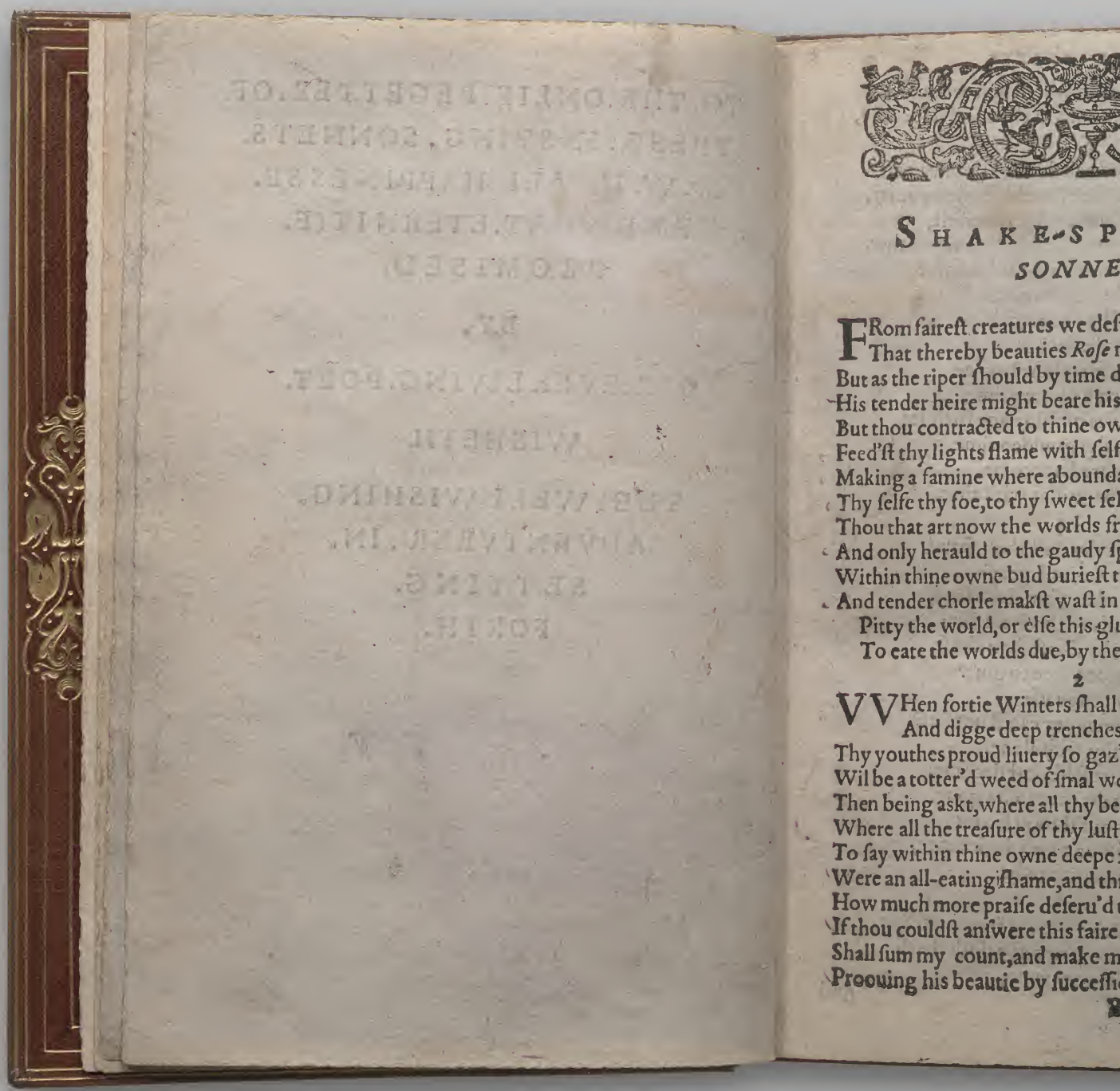

SHAKE-S P
SONNE

FRom faireſt creatures we deſ
That thereby beauties *Roſe* r
But as the riper ſhould by time d
His tender heire might beare his
But thou contracted to thine ow
Feed'ſt thy lights flame with ſelf
Making a famine where abounda
Thy ſelfe thy foe, to thy ſweet ſel
Thou that art now the worlds fr
And only herauld to the gaudy ſp
Within thine owne bud buriеſt t
And tender chorle makſt waſt in
Pitty the world, or elſe this glu
To eate the worlds due, by the

2

VVHen fortie Winters ſhall
And digge deep trenches
Thy youthes proud liuery ſo gaz
Wil be a totter'd weed of ſmal wo
Then being askt, where all thy be
Where all the treaſure of thy luſt
To ſay within thine owne deepe
Were an all-eating ſhame, and th
How much more praiſe deſeru'd
If thou couldſt anſwere this faire
Shall ſum my count, and make m
Prouing his beautie by ſucceſſi